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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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Book and Job Printing  
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

### SONG OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

BY DR. STEPHENSON.

My song is of this happy land,  
My sword is for its glory;  
Now comrades fill—my toast is for  
The warriors of her story.  
May fame around their temples twine  
The wreath which nought can sever;  
And may their proudest motto be  
"The Union's flag forever."

We own no sovereign but the law—  
The sovereign people made it—  
No titled despots stain its code—  
No lordling poses degrade it—  
The "great republic" (thus we style  
This mighty land of freedom),  
Has warrior sons to guard her rights,  
And warrior chiefs to lead them.

And beauty smiles throughout the land,  
To charm and to caress us;  
And who would spurn the soldier's lot,  
When beauty deigns to bless us?  
Before the world's applauding gaze  
The gallant soldier's duty  
Is first to stand for native land,  
And then for native beauty.

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My sword is for its glory;  
Now comrades fill—my toast is for  
The warriors of her story.  
May fame around their temples twine  
The wreath which nought can sever—  
And may their proudest motto be  
"The Union's flag forever."

## SONG.

BY H. B. FRENCH.

Written for the annual celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, by the New England Society of the city of Washington, December 22, 1846.

We now commemorate a day  
To Yankee hearts most dear, sir,  
When savage eyes, in Plymouth bay,  
Beheld a sight so queer, sir,  
A ship approached the rocky shore,  
Moved by the breeze apace, sir,  
And on her frozen deck she bore  
The fathers of our race, sir.  
Yankee doo! let us sing,  
And with that day remember,  
The first invented Yankee thing—  
A "May Flower" in December!

Though cold and chill the wintry air—  
Though drear the ice-bound coast, sir,  
The May Flower's germs were planted there  
Grew, and became a host, sir!  
New England's soil could not contain  
The fruit of their first bloom, sir,  
And so it sprang, like summer rain,  
Far south and west, for room, sir.  
Yankee doo! let us sing,  
And with that day remember,  
The first invented Yankee thing—  
A "May Flower" in December.

We cannot stop, in this, our day,  
Our dwellings to rehearse all,  
We are—at least so people say—  
"The Nation universal!"  
Our stripes and stars, o'er the whole world,  
We on our flag display, sir,  
And soon, we guess, will wave unfurled,  
A glorious Milky-Way, sir.  
While east and west, and north, and south,  
Not in the good old chorus,  
Yankee doo! keep it up,  
That flag still floats o'er us.

Now since we've got so nation strong,  
We curious have become, sir,  
And on our railroads, all along,  
Our locomotives hum, sir,  
Our ships go steaming o'er the sea,  
We steam it to an land, sir,  
And Morse, and electricity,  
Are rushing hand in hand, sir!  
Yankee doo! speed the flash,  
All along the way, sir,  
Till Orleans hears the breakers dash,  
In Fanny's stormy bay, sir!

This nation's course cannot be curbed,  
Its genius cannot stay, sir,  
And soon 'twill have a patent out  
For storming Monterey, sir!  
The civil world before ne'er saw  
A thing so neatly done, sir,  
Old Zack, to carry on a war, is  
The Rough and Ready one, sir.  
Yankee doo! was the tune  
That led them on so handy—  
The fife and drum, the drummer drummed,  
Old Yankee doo! dandy.

We calculate New England  
Will always be our home, sir,  
Wherever else, in this broad land,  
It is our chance to roam, sir,  
But, though our hearts and athers there  
Have bright and brighter grown, sir,  
We hail each brother of this land  
A brother of our own, sir!  
Yankee doo! good old tune,  
The nation all can sing, sir,  
Then strike the chorus, one and all,  
And make the welkin ring, sir!

## THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

#### FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

Let me paint you a picture on a canvass of the Past.

It is a cloudless summer day. Yes, a clear blue sky arches and smiles above a quaint edifice rising among giant trees, in the centre of a wide city. That edifice is built of red brick, with heavy window frames and a massy hall door. The wide-spreading dome of St. Peter's the snowy pillars of the Parthenon, the gloomy glory of Westminster Abbey—none of these, nor any thing like, are here to elevate this edifice of plain red brick, into a gorgeous monument of architecture.

Plain red brick the walls; the windows partly framed in stone; the roof-aves heavy with intricate carvings; the hall door ornamented with pillars of dark stone; such is the State House of Philadelphia in this year of our Lord, 1776.

Around this edifice stately trees arise. Yonder toward the dark walls of Walnut street goal, spreads a pleasant lawn, enclosed by a plain board fence. Above our heads, these trees lock their massy limbs and spread their leafy canopy.

There are walks here too, not fashioned as squares and circles, but spreading in careless negligence along the lawn. Benches too, rude benches, on which repose their arms.

This is a beautiful day, and this a pleasant lawn; but why do those clusters of citizens, with anxious faces, gather round the State House walls? There is the Merchant in his velvet garb and ruffled shirt; there the Mechanic, with apron on his breast and tools in his hands; there the bearded Sailor and the dark-robed Minister all grouped together.

Why this anxiety on every face? This gathering in little groups all over the lawn!

Yet hold a moment! In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the red-brick State House, stands an old man with white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell, suspended in the steeple there. The old man tries to read the inscription on that bell, but cannot. Out upon the waves, far away in the forest; thus has his life been passed. He is no scholar; he scarcely can spell one of those strange words carved on the surface of that bell.

By his side, gazing in his face—that sunburnt face—in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue.

"Come here, my boy; you are a rich man's child. You can read. Spell me those words, and I'll bless you, my good child!"

And the child raises itself on tip-toe and pressed its tiny hands against the bell, and read, in hissing tones, these memorable words:

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO ALL THE LAND AND ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

The old man ponders for a moment on those strange words; then gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks:

"Look here, my child! Wilt thou do the old man a kindness? Then haste you down stairs, and wait in the hall, by the big door, until a man shall give you a message for me. A man with a velvet dress and a kind face, will come out from the big door, and give you a word for me. When he gives you that word, then run out yonder, in the street, and shout it up to me. Do you mind?"

It needed no second command. The boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair sprang from the old bell-keeper's arms, and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

The old bell-keeper was alone. Many minutes passed. Leaning over the railing of the steeple, his face toward Chesnut street, he looked anxiously for that fair-haired boy. Moments passed, yet still he came not. The crowds gathered more darkly along the pavement and over the lawn, yet still the boy came not.

"Ah!" groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State House stairs and climb up again, and all on account of that child!"

As the word was on his lips, a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face.

And then swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tip-toe, and shouted a single word—"RING!"

Do you see that old man's eyes fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder, do you see that withered hand, grasping the Iron Tongue of the Bell? The old man is young again; his veins are filled with new life. A backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the Tongue. The Bell speaks out! The crowd in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout! Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up from desk and work-bench as though an earthquake had spoken.

Yet still while the sweat pours from his brow, that old bell-keeper hurls the iron tongue, and still—boom—boom—boom—the Bell speaks to the city and the world.

There is a terrible poetry in the sound of that State House Bell at dead of night, when striking its sullen and solemn—Ouz! It rouses crime from its task, mirth from its wine-cup, murder from its knife, bribery from its gold. There is a terrible poetry in that sound. It speaks to us like a voice from our youth—like a knell of God's judgment—like a solemn yet kind remembrance of friends, now dead and gone.

There is a terrible poetry in that sound at dead of night, but there was a day when the echo of that Bell awoke a world, slumbering in tyranny and crime!

Yes, as the old man swung the Iron Tongue, the Bell spoke to all the world. The sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the workshops of England—the vassal-lands of France.

That Echo spoke to the slave—bade him look from his toil—and know himself a man.

That Echo startled the Kings upon their crumbling thrones.

That Echo was the knell of King-craft, Priest-craft, and all other crafts, born of the darkness of ages, and baptised in seas of blood.

Yes, the voice of that little boy, who lifting himself on tip-toe, with his flaxen hair blowing in the breeze, shouted—"Ring!"—had a deep and awful meaning in its infant tones!

Why did that word "Ring!"—why did that Echo of the State House Bell speak such deep and awful meaning to the world? What had that word "Ring!"—the Echo of that Bell to do with the downfall of the Dishonest Priest or Traitor King?

Under that very Bell, pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers and mechanics, had assembled to shake the shackles of the world.

Now let us look in upon this band of plain men, met in such solemn council. It is now half an hour previous to the moment when the Bell-Ringer responded to the shout of the fair-haired boy.

This is an old hall. It is not so large as many a monarch's ante-room; you might put a hundred like it within the walls of St. Peter's and yet it is a fine old hall. The walls are concealed in dark oaken wainscoting, and there along the enclosed windows the purple tapestry comes drooping down.

The ornaments of the this hall!

Over the head of that noble-browed man—John Hancock, who sits calm and severe in yonder chair—there is a banner, the Banner of the Stars. Perched on that Banner sits the Eagle with unfolded wings. (Is it not a precocious bird? Born only last year on Bunker Hill, now it spreads its wings, full-grown, over a whole Continent!)

Look over the faces of these fifty-six men, and see every eye turned to that door. There is silence in this hall—every voice is hushed—every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility.

Why turns every glance to that door, why is every face so solemn, why is it so terribly still? The Committee of Three, who have been out all night, planning a Parchment, are about to appear.

That Parchment, with the Signatures of these men, written with the pen lying on yonder table, will either make the world free—or stretch these necks upon the gibbet yonder in Potter's-field, or nail these heads to the door-posts of this hall!

That was the time for solemn faces and deep silence.

At last, hark! The door opens—the Committee appear. Who are these three men, who come walking on toward John Hancock's chair?

That tall man, with sharp features, the bold brow and sand-hued hair, holding "The Parchment" in his hand, is the Virginia farmer Thomas Jefferson. The stout built man with resolute look and flashing eye? That is a Boston man—one John Adams. And the calm-faced man, with hair dropping in thick curls to his shoulders—that man, dressed in a plain coat, and such odorous home-made blue stockings—that is the Philadelphia Printer one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The Parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not?

Then ensued a high and stormy debate—then the faint-hearted cringe in corners—while Thomas Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and John Adams pours, out his whole soul.

Then the soft-toned voice of Charles Carroll is heard, undulating in syllables of deep music. But still there is doubt—and that pale-faced man, shrinking in one corner, squeals out something about axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet!

"Gibbet!" echoes a fierce, bold voice, that startles men from their seats, and look yonder! A tall slender man rises, dressed—although it is summer time—in a faded red cloak. Look how his white hand undulates as it is stretched slowly out, how that dark eye burns, while his words ring through the hall. (We do not know his name, let us therefore call his appeal)

The speech of the Man in the Red Cloak.

"Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land—they may turn every rock into a scaffold—every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words on that Parchment can never die!"

"They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drips on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to Freedom will spring into birth!"

"The British King may blot out the Stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on the Parchment there! The words of God may perish—His Word never!"

"These words will go forth to the world when our bones are dust. To the slave in the mines they will speak—Hark—to the mechanic in his workshop—Hark—to the coward-kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery! No! No! They will speak like the flaming syllables of Balaazar's wall—The days of your pride and glory are numbered! The days of Judgment and Revolution draw near!"

"The British King may blot out the Stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on the Parchment there! The words of God may perish—His Word never!"

"These words will go forth to the world when our bones are dust. To the slave in the mines they will speak—Hark—to the mechanic in his workshop—Hark—to the coward-kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery! No! No! They will speak like the flaming syllables of Balaazar's wall—The days of your pride and glory are numbered! The days of Judgment and Revolution draw near!"

kind long enough. At last the voice of human will has pierced the ear of God, and called His Judgment down! You have waded on to thrones over seas of blood—you have trampled on to power over the necks of millions—you have turned the poor man's sweat and blood into robes for your delicate forms, into crowns for your anointed brows. Now Kings—now Purpled Hangmen of the world—for you come the days of axes and gibbets and scaffolds—for you the wrath of man—for you the lightnings of God!

"Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes up into the midnight sky!"

"Now Purpled Hangmen of the world—turn and turn and beg for mercy!"

"Where will you find it?"

"Not from God, for you have blasphemed His laws!"

"Not from the People, for you stand baptized in their blood!"

"Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet!"

"There—and a scaffold looks you in the face."

"All around you—death—and nowhere pity!"

"Now executioners of the human race, kneel down, yes, kneel down upon the sawdust of the scaffold—lay your perfumed heads upon the block—bless the axe as it falls—the axe that you sharpened for the poor man's neck!"

"Such is the message of that Declaration to Man, to the Kings of the world! And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet press the very threshold of Freedom?"

Do I see quailing faces around me, when our wives have been butchered—when the hearthstones of our land are red with the blood of little children?

"What are these shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very Dead of our battle-fields arise, and call upon us to sign that Parchment or be accused for ever?"

"Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is round your neck! Sign! if the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe! Sign! By all your hopes in life or death as husbands—fathers—as men—sign your names to the Parchment or be accused for ever!"

"Sign—and not only for yourselves, but for all ages. For that Parchment will be the Text-book of Freedom—the Bible of the Rights of Man for ever!"

"Sign—for that Declaration will go forth to American hearts for ever, and speak to those hearts like the voice of God! And its work will not be done, until throughout this wide Continent not a single inch of ground owes the sway of a British King!"

"Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is a truth, your own hearts witness it, God proclaims it—This Continent is the property of a free people, and their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it! Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a People—look at this wonderful Exodus of the oppressed of the Old World into the New, where they came, weak in arms but mighty in God-like faith—nay, look at this history of your Bunker Hill—your Lexington—where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to the free?"

"It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb the skies, to pierce the counsels of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the Recording Angel—pale as an angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to that Throne, and speak his dread message—"

"Father! the old world is baptized in blood! Father, it is drenched with the blood of millions, butchered in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding oppression! Father—look, with one glance of Thine Eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and behold evermore, that terrible sight, man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet—nations lost in blood—Murder and Superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper, 'Hope to Man!'"

He stands there, the Angel, his hands trembling with the black record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud—Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell my people—the poor—the trodden-down millions, to go out from wrong, oppression and blood—tell them to go out from this Old World—to build up my altar in the New!

"As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be his voice! Yes, were my soul trembling on the wing for Eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last waive of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth—God has given America to the free! Yes, as I sink down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that Parchment in the name of the One who made the Saviour who redeemed you—in the name of the millions whose very breath is now hushed, in intense expectation, as they look up to you for the awful words—'You are free!'"

O, many years have gone since that hour—the Speaker, his brethren, all, have crumbled into dust, but it would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that Speaker's look, the deep, terrible emphasis of his voice, the prophet-like beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flame which, shooting from his eyes, soon fired every heart throughout the hall!

He fell exhausted in his seat, but the work was done. A wild murmur thrills through the hall. Sign? Ah! There is no doubt now—

Look! How they rush forward—stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the pen is grasped by another—another, and another! Look how the names blaze on the Parchment—Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now, Roger Sherman the Shoemaker.

And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins—yes, trembling with palsy he totters forward—quivering from head to foot with his shaking hands he seizes the pen, he scratches his patriotic name.

Then comes Benjamin Franklin the Printer, and now the tall man in the red cloak advances, the man who made the fiery speech a moment ago—with the same hand that but now waved in such fiery scorn he writes his name—Benjamin Franklin.

And now the Parchment is signed; and now let word go forth to the People in the streets—to the homes of America—to the camp of *Master* Washington and the Palace of George the Idiot King—let word go out to all the earth—

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm, and grasp the Iron Tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth:

FIFTY-SIX TRADERS AND FARMERS AND MECHANICS HAVE THIS DAY SHOOK THE SHACKLES OF THE WORLD!

Hark! Hark to the toll of that Bell!

Is there not a deep poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than Shakspeare or Milton?

Is there not a music in the sound, that reminds you of those awful tones which broke from angel-lips, when the news of the child Jesus burst on the Shepherds of Bethlehem?

For that Bell now speaks out to the world, that—

GOD HAS GIVEN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT TO THE FREE—THE TOLLING MILLIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE—AS THE LAST ALTAR OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN ON THE GLOBE—THE HOME OF THE OPPRESSED, FOREVERMORE!

## SAYINGS FROM THE PERSIAN.

The horse that is ever bounding makes a short journey long. The man that is ever vaunting, performeth little.

Muscles open their mouths to swallow the pearl drops from the stars. Wise men open their mouths only to utter words more precious than pearls.

The king has many servants, but no friend. The Arab has no servant, but he has a horse. The Arab is richer than the king.

The rose is sweetest when it first opens, and the spikenard roots when the head dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it; but the odor of piety survives death, and perfumes the tomb.

The fishes are mute, lest they should reveal the secrets of great deep. Solomon knew them, and yet he died.

The traveller in the desert, when his camel puts his nose into the sand, throws himself on his face, and death flies over him.

What the prudent man seeth the viziers do, that doeth he likewise, and saveth his head. Fire createth all things, and destroyeth all things. A little life, but a great deal is death.

Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it; it is precious, but imperfect.

The nightingale sings not by day, for then the angels sleep. They wake with the stars, and she cheers them with their watching.

Life to the young, is a fairy tale just opened—to the old, it is a tale just through, ending with death.

Misery is written on the portals of Paradise: Joy is written on the gates of Hell.

The rose prayed for a gift, and the genius gave it thorns. The rose wept until it saw the angels—hope eating lilies.

There is a legend connected with the tragical and wicked death of the Saviour, to us peculiarly interesting, and which, perhaps may not generally be known in this country, as it exists only among the Germans. We therefore insert it and give it in as few words as possible. When our Saviour hung bleeding upon the accursed tree, pierced with wounds, and in dreadful agony, a sweet little bird, having more sympathy for the meek and lowly sufferer than the cold, hard-hearted monsters who stood near, mocking his awful miseries, perched upon the cross. As it witnessed the sufferings of the Saviour, its little heart was moved with kindness to do him good. Hence it quickly flew at the head of a coarse rusty nail which had been thrust through the palm of the Saviour's hand to hold him fast upon the cross. For a long time its little beak was repeatedly struck against the head of the bloody nail, as though the innocent little thing would have drawn out the rough iron and kindly liberated the Son of God from his dreadful condition.

Christ took notice of this little bird, and as it had stained its tiny beak with the blood that gushed out from the punctured hand, he let its young over afterward carry the same mark upon their bills. The same species of birds is now found in various parts of the world and is known as the "red," or "cross-bill."

A new patent stove has been invented for cold weather. It is to be worn in the boot. A mustard plaster is to be placed in the hat, which draws the heat through the whole system.

The Plymouth Rock says: "It is thought that the scarcity of mackerel on the coast this year is occasioned by the great number of ladies practicing sea bathing in red flannels. Mackerel are a very shy, modest fish."



From the Eastern Argus.  
MR. GIDDINGS ON THE WAR.

This is the gentleman, our readers will remember, who left his seat in Congress last summer on a mission to Maine to bring about a union of the Whigs and Abolitionists, to defeat the Democracy at the late election. This fact we trust will be deemed a sufficient apology for noticing his speech on the war, although it may well be supposed our time and paper could be devoted to a much better purpose. The speech itself is not before us, but a writer in the Boston Courier has given an analysis of it, and denounces it as a "manly, hearty, earnest, Christian speech." This writer takes a great deal of pride in the fact that Mr. Giddings, though now a Representative from the State of Ohio, is of Connecticut stock, and on this ground claims him to be "in a certain sense, a New England Whig." This claim no man will dispute, for the sentiments which he utters breathe too strongly the genuine spirit of old Massachusetts federalism to require further credentials as to who he is, and whom he represents.

His first position is, that the war, from the commencement, "is all aggression, injustice and outrage, on our part." To support it, he cites an extract from the despatch of Gen. Taylor to the Adjutant General of the 6th of April, 1846, as follows:

"On our side, a battery for four 12-pounders will be completed, and the guns placed in battery to-day. These guns bear directly upon the public square of Matamoros, and within good range of demolishing the town."

From this evidence alone he argues, or rather asserts, that the President cannot be sustained in the position that this Government was acting on the defensive. How any man of common sense can come to any other conclusion, unless he wishes to show his own country in the wrong, the public will judge. There is not a particle of evidence tending to show any other object but self-defence. Where should our guns be brought to bear, for a successful defence, if not directly across the enemy's territory? Where should the threatened invasion be prepared to be resisted, but at the very threshold? This "manly, hearty, earnest Christian," and "New England Whig," would have undoubtedly been satisfied if our Government had kept our army this side of the Sabine, and would not have, even then, pointed a gun at the enemy, if we lost Texas. Yes, more, if the past course of Mr. G. is any evidence what he would be willing to do, it is fair to presume that he would not only have permitted Mexico to re-conquer Texas, but, as a peace offering, would have even thrown in every slave State in the Union, and then think we had made the best end of the bargain!

This same Christian Whig next attempts to show that the President never assigned the failure to pay our claim as a cause for war, until after hostilities had been commenced. Well, what of it? Would not the public judgment have denounced the Administration as knaves or fools, after Mexico had determined that all causes of controversy should be settled by the sword, to have let the enemy off, after merely driving him back? Would such a course have been wise, patriotic and Christian-like, on our part? Mexico chose her own tribunal to settle all our difficulties—that tribunal was the sword—and if this Government should now relax its exertions to compel Mexico to pay our claims and indemnities, there is no possible way in which our causes of complaint could ever be adjusted. How perfectly idle, then, is it to say that this war of aggression and injustice. Not, but manly, hearty, earnest, Christian, New England Whigs will do so.

Another assertion is, that the war is in behalf of slavery. Oh, of course—who ever knew of a single act of a Democratic Administration, which was not conceived by slave-masters, or carried out but to extend and perpetuate human bondage! Why, according to Mr. Giddings, every measure of the Government since its origin has been shaped to this end, and every appointment, from the highest to the lowest, has been made with a single eye to that object. He never made a speech in his life, upon any subject however trifling, without lugging in his perpetual twattle about slavery. It is this that has alone given him notoriety, and he is determined to ride his hobby to death. It would be worse than idle to notice further this part of his speech. Every body knows that some of the most distinguished Southern statesmen, who by this same Mr. G. have formerly been denounced as the guardians and special friends of slavery, have, from the outset, disavowed the war. The truth is, a war with Mexico is a war against slavery. In the language of the Boston Times:

"Our 'sacred bayonets,' in the conquered provinces of Mexico, will compel the tyrants that now people them, to abolish that infamous peculiarity of the Mexican code—slavery for debt; for, as is well known, insolvent debtors, and even their children, are sold for the payment of debts—and some of them remain in bondage forever. It is true that negro slavery does not exist among them, for while the Mexicans have the power of enslaving their own countrymen, they are perfectly content; and left to themselves, this odious feature of white slavery would be perpetuated. A war with Mexico is therefore a war against slavery in its worst form."

The conclusion, then, of the whole matter, according to Mr. G., is, that the President has violated the Constitution in commencing a war of aggression and injustice, and that Congress ought to withhold granting any further supplies for its further prosecution! This too, sounds very much like the New England whiggery of 1812. No one will doubt his stock, or detract from the glory due him for maintaining such a position. But decidedly the cream of the speech yet remains to be noticed. Mr. G., in justifying himself to Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan and others, who in Parliament, in 1776, sought to rally their countrymen in opposition to the war against this country! Shades of the departed, little did those great statesmen ever dream of being found in such company! Let the Whigs hereafter, as they have heretofore, oppose the country in every effort to vindicate its honor and integrity, and they have only to rely under the names of the English Whigs of '76, to escape the

odium which they feel to be just. This "manly, hearty, earnest, Christian, New England Whig," therefore invokes the "Whigs of our day" to withhold all further aid in prosecution of the war. Let them do so, if they choose. The American people will not find it a difficult thing to distinguish between English Whigs and American Tories, nor will they be slow to brand with infamy those who would thus steal the livery of Heaven in which to serve a hard task-master. But the Whigs will not dare pursue the policy here marked out for them.

"BACKING AND FILLING."

After Great Britain had refused the offer of our government to settle the disagreement in regard to Oregon upon the principle of compromise, the President fell back upon our old claim to 54 degrees and 40 minutes north latitude for the boundary line. Thereupon the federalists disputed the justice of our claim, and argued against the perfection of our title; and the President was also accused of endangering the peaceful relations existing between the two countries, and creating a war fever prejudicial to business. But no sooner was the Oregon question settled by compromise, than the opponents of the administration turned a summer's rest, and charged the Executive with "backing out," and sacrificing territory thro' fear of England!

The same persons who thus played fast and loose, and blew hot and cold in the same breath, now charge the Administration with all the expense, bloodshed and suffering of the war, and clamorously demand the withdrawal of our army from Mexico. If their ill-timed and unreasonable request should be complied with, they would directly with brazen face accuse the Administration of "backing out," and sacrificing the honor and interests of the country! After the first engagements with the enemy, our army remained for a short time inactive, while preparations were making for its advance; then the opponents of the Administration blamed it for the delay and charged that the President and heads of Department were wanting in energy and competency to conduct the campaign. But no sooner did the army move forward than the opponents of the Administration, right or wrong, raised the cry that we had wantonly and wickedly invaded Mexico, and were prosecuting a war for conquest.

It is vain to expect that such grumblers will be satisfied with any thing done by the government while the democrats are in power, that belittled partisans will be liberal minded and honorable, or that traitors at heart will be patriotic in actions, for "a silk purse cannot be made from a sow's ear." [Bangor Democrat.]

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.—Mr. Layard, an English gentleman, has for the last twelve months been pursuing the tract first laid open by M. Botta, at Nimroud, near Mosul, on the Tigris. His excavations have not only settled the precise position of Nineveh—the very existence of which had become little better than a vague historic dream, but have brought to light some of its buildings, sculptures, and inscriptions. According to accounts received at Constantinople, some months since, communicated in the Athenaeum of Saturday last, Mr. Layard had discovered an entrance formed by two magnificent winged, human-headed lions. The entrance led him into a hall above 150 feet long, and 30 broad, entirely built of slabs of marble, covered with sculptures. The side walls are ornamented with small bas-reliefs of the highest interest—battle sieges, lion hunts, etc.—many of them in the finest state of preservation, and all executed with extraordinary spirit. They afford a complete history of the military art among the Assyrians; and prove their intimate knowledge of many of those machines of war whose invention is attributed to the Greeks and Romans—such as the battering-ram, the tower moving on wheels, etc. Nothing can exceed the beauty and elegance of the forms of various arms, swords, daggers, bows, spears, etc. In this great hall there are several entrances—each formed by winged lions or winged bulls. These lead to other chambers, which again branch off into a hundred ramifications. Every chamber is built of slabs covered with sculptures or inscriptions, whence some idea may be formed of the number of objects discovered—the far greater part of which, in fact nearly all, are in the best preservation. Mr. Layard's excavations have been confined to a very small corner of the mound, under which these antiquities have for ages been buried; it is impossible to say what may come out when they can be carried forward on an adequate scale. [English paper.]

A NEW TRIUMPH OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—We have seen a bulletin that was transmitted to Washington yesterday morning through the new magnetic line, which has just been extended from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. It bears date at "Pittsburg, Dec. 30," and reached this city in 4 1-2 minutes by the way of Philadelphia. It is the first communication which has been received at Washington through this wonderful and mysterious agency from the valley of the Mississippi. Who shall say "thus far and no farther?" On the contrary, who will presume to set bounds to the magnetic wires and to the communication of intelligence in this extraordinary manner? The link through Virginia is not yet completed. We look to the legislature to facilitate its extension through the great central mail-road of the Old Dominion. She boasts of the light which she has spread around her. Let her not, for the first time, permit any interest or prejudice to interrupt the diffusion of intelligence across her borders. It cannot be long before the magnetic telegraph will stretch to New Orleans, (and at no distant day to the Rio Grand,) and bring tidings of the march of our troops, and the events of the war, to the Secretary of War whilst he sits in his chair at Washington. [Union.]

A HARD GETTING TO BED. The Scientific American says that a man in Orange county was found one night climbing an over-wheel in a falling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was trying to get up to bed, but somehow or other these stairs wouldn't hold still.

From the New York Globe.  
THE MEXICAN WAR—IS OUR GOVERNMENT JUSTIFIED IN PROSECUTING IT?

An examination of the official documents on file in the State Department at Washington, shows ninety-five instances of wanton murder, robbery, aggression, and outrage, perpetrated by the Mexican authorities upon the persons and property of American citizens! An abstract of these cases is about to be published in the New Hampshire Patriot, and also issued from the office of the paper in pamphlet form. There will be a sufficient number of copies issued to supply all who desire to become acquainted with a history of the wrongs and injuries our people have sustained from the government of Mexico. It will be an important and interesting document, and we hope it will be circulated throughout the Union.

When the people of the United States become fully acquainted with the causes that led to the war in which we are now engaged, the manifold wrongs and grievances we have borne from Mexico ever since she became an independent government, all opposition to the war will cease. If war can ever be justified by an appeal to the reason and intelligence of men, then the one in which we are now engaged is a just and righteous war. Had Mexico been a powerful monarchy, and had her conduct towards our government and people been the same that it has, war would have been declared against her long ago. It is her weakness that has prolonged the period of chastisement due to her crimes. That period, however, arrived, and every just principle of humanity requires that the chastisement should be in proportion to the magnitude of the crimes she has committed.

It is surprising that a narrative of the wrongs we have suffered from Mexico has not been long ago transcribed from the official documents in the State Department and spread before the people. The President, in his recent message, alludes to these wrongs, and the great desire on the part of our government to obtain redress without an appeal to arms. The President truly says: "That compulsory measures of redress, under similar provocations committed by any of the powerful nations of Europe, would have been promptly resorted to by the United States, and the preservation of the national character throughout the world, as well as our own self-respect, and the protection due to our own citizens, would have rendered such a resort indispensable. The history of no civilized nation in modern times has presented, within so brief a period, so wanton attacks upon the honor of its flag, and upon the property and persons of its citizens, as have been borne by the United States from the Mexican authorities and people." But Mexico is a sister republic, on the same continent, occupying a territory contiguous to our own, and was in feeble condition; and these considerations induced our government and people to forbear until longer forbearance would have made us equally criminal with Mexico.

FROM MEXICO.

MONTREY, Dec. 5, 1846.

I had the pleasure of more than an hour's conversation with one of the prisoners released by Santa Anna, and he gave me many interesting items, both as regards his capture and of Mexican affairs. The gentleman's name is Henry P. Lyons, of Maryland.

Mr. Lyons says, that the first intimation they had of their release was from a Mexican Colonel, who handed each man \$10 from Santa Anna and told them they were at liberty to depart. Other than the trying and forced marches, the treatment was good.

It was currently reported and believed in the Mexican camp, on the 10th ult., that Vera Cruz had surrendered to the Americans. The colonel answered that he believed it was so. When asked where Gen. Ampudia was, he stated that he was in the Castle of Perote, where Mexico put all cowardly Generals.

Mr. Lyons speaks Spanish, and had an opportunity of learning much of the doings of the enemy. He states that when Santa Anna was notified that the armistice had been terminated by our Government, he was greatly enraged, and accused us of breaking our engagement; and this, too, after he had ordered a part of his army back to Saltillo and the Pass to Durango. It was thought that Gen. Kearney was marching down from New Mexico, and the force designed for the Pass to Durango was to oppose him at that point, but when news of the whereabouts of Gen. Wool reached San Luis, this project was abandoned for they knew he would be first on the ground.

The force at San Luis on the 9th ult. are stated by Mr. Lyons to have been 23,000 Infantry and 8,000 Cavalry. In addition to the six-gun battery taken from this place, they have received two 12's from Perote, and sixteen pieces, such as 2's 4's and 6's from other places. Provisions were getting very scarce in the valley, and they were sending to Chichuahua and Durango for corn and flour.

The latter place is now cut off from them. Santa Anna had addressed the soldiers on three occasions, and every time on the same subject. The first time he told them that the force was so large, and money so scarce that he was compelled to reduce their pay from 25 cents to 18 3-4 cents. Shortly after it was reduced to 12 1-2 and then to 6 1-4. He pledged them his private name for the remainder of some future day.

On the night of the 5th ult. a courier arrived from the capital, with news that a proclamation had been taken place, and that Herrera had driven Almonte from the city. In consequence of this intelligence, Santa Anna had ordered Gen. Valencia to take seven regiments of infantry and march to Mexico as soon as possible. He would have sent a large force but for his advisers from that quarter, representing that Gen. Taylor would leave for San Luis on or about the 15th ult. at the head of 7,000 men; so that seven regiments were all that he could spare out of 31,000 and such a formidable force approaching him. Mr. Lyons says that notwithstanding the scarcity of water on the road—one stretch of 32 miles with-

out a drop—they look for our forces there, and are digging and throwing up embankments of earth around the city. So terrible is the name of Gen. Taylor because that the Mexican people believe he can travel 100 miles without water.

With Worth beyond Rinconada—Wool in command of the Pass to Durango, and a force which will shortly be at the lower pass near Victoria, all the Northern Provinces will be cut off from the enemy.

Whilst Gen. Wool was en route to Para he captured at least 1000 mules, loaded with flour. They were from Durango, and destined to San Luis Potosi.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives: In order to prosecute the war against Mexico with vigor and success, it is necessary that authority should be promptly given by Congress to increase the regular army, and to remedy existing defects in its organization. With this view, report of the Secretary of War, which accompanied my message of the 5th inst. in which he recommends that ten additional regiments of regular troops shall be raised, to serve during the war.

Of the additional regiments of volunteers which have been called from several of the States some have been promptly raised, but this has not been the case in regard to all. The existing law requiring that they should be organized by the independent action of the state governments, has in some instances occasioned considerable delay, and it is yet uncertain when the troops required can be ready for service in the field.

It is our settled policy to maintain in lieu of peace, as small a regular army as the exigencies of the public will permit. In a state of war, notwithstanding the great advantages in which our service, a peculiar propriety exists for increasing the number of such officers, which from age or other causes, are rendered incapable of active service in the field, has seriously impaired the efficiency of the army.

From the report of the Secretary of War, it appears that about two-thirds of the whole regulars field officers are either permanently or necessarily detached from their commands on other duties. The long enjoyment of peace has prevented us from experiencing much embarrassment from this cause, but now, in a state of war conducted in a foreign country, it has produced serious injury to the public service.

An efficient organization of the army, composed of regulars and volunteers, while prosecuting the war in Mexico, it is believed would require the appointment of a general officer to take command of all our military forces in the field.

Upon the conclusion of the war, the service of such an officer would no longer be necessary, and should be dispensed with upon the reduction of the army to a peace establishment. I recommend that provision be made, by law, for the appointment of such a general officer to serve during the war.

It is respectfully recommended that early action should be had by Congress upon the suggestions submitted for their consideration, as necessary to ensure active and efficient service in prosecuting the war, before the present favorable season for military operations in the enemy's country shall have passed away.

JAMES K. POLK.  
Washington, 29th Dec. 1846.

THE NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL. Mr. Chief Justice's nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate the day after he made his debut in the Supreme Court of the United States in an important case—a very high and well deserved compliment. A Washington correspondent of the Portland Argus makes the following gratifying report:

"The case was the United States, Plaintiff, vs. the Bank of the U. States." It was generally known to Senators that it was to be opened at that time by the new Attorney General; and it may well be supposed, therefore, that many of them would be present to witness his efforts. Such was the case; and if any of them had before entertained any doubts as to his high qualifications for the office, they were, I venture to say, entirely removed. The cause had been argued in the Circuit Court, before Judge McLean, who had given an opinion in favor of the Bank, to which a writ of error had been brought to the S. J. Court. The opening of Mr. C. occupied nearly three hours, and was a most learned, logical, and, I thought, conclusive argument, embracing, as one of the Court told me, many strong and several original views of the case. There was no attempt at display, nor the slightest repetition—but a continued and well connected chain of argument, which, if I am not mistaken, it will puzzle the learning and ingenuity of Mr. Sargent to break. Messrs. Cadwallader and Sargent, of Philadelphia, gentlemen of great eminence, are for the Bank. It is generally believed that the opinion of Judge McLean will be reversed.

New York. The legislature met on Monday, Lt. Gov. Gardner presided in the Senate. In the House Wm. C. Henshaw, of Orange, was chosen speaker; P. B. Prindle, of Chenango, clerk; Daniel B. Davis, Montgomery, sergeant-at-arms—all feeds. The message of Gov. John Young was read, and of moderate length, and a word about anti-slavery.

His message was sent to the legislature at noon on Tuesday, and telegraphed to the New York Herald in 3 1-4 hours.

MISSISSIPPI. The Democratic candidate for congress, Mr. Ellet, of Port Gibson, has been elected over his Whig opponent, Col. Starke, by between two and three thousand majority.

IOWA. A balloting for U. S. senator took place in convention of the two houses of the legislature on the 18th ult. Judge Wilson, one of the candidates of the democracy, received 29 votes, and Jonathan McCarty, of Lee county, formerly a member of Congress from Indiana, a "possum democrat." The legislature adjourned over to the 5th of January.

KENTUCKY. The Republican Association met at Frankfort on Thursday last. Gen. Leslie Combs was chosen speaker of the house, 65 to 35. The choice of U. S. senator was thought to lie between ex-governor Letcher and Mr. Underwood.

PENOBSCOT BURNED. The steamer Penobscot while lying at the wharf at East Boston on the morning of the 7th inst., took fire near the boiler, at about a quarter to six, and was consumed, except her hull and engine. The boat was worth about \$40,000. She was owned by Capt. Sanford, of New York, Capt. Kimball and R. K. Page of Hallowell.

The Penobscot has been laid up about six weeks. She was about three years old, and was a great favorite with the public.

The Traveller says—the Penobscot was undergoing repairs, and it is thought the fire was the work of an incendiary. The joiner's work below is entirely burnt, as well as the furniture and bedding of the boat. The deck is badly injured; but the machinery and boiler appear not to have been damaged. The hull is partially burnt. The whole damage is estimated at \$15,000; on which there is no insurance. The steamer Kennebec, which lay alongside, was removed without injury, having an anchor out.

PRESSURE OF THE SEA. If a piece of wood which floats on the water be forced down to a greater depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will no longer be capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timber of ships, which have foundered in the deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which have sunk near the shore. A diver may with impunity plunge to certain depths of the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he cannot live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth at which the fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joslin, been caught in a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 12, 1847.

"The Union must be preserved."

THE TRUE PEACE POLICY.

The opposition say they desire peace; and yet they pursue the very means which are best calculated to defeat it. Let any party impress upon the Mexicans that they have a strong party in this country, who are upholding their cause, who denounce the war and the administration, and who are so anxious to obtain peace on any terms, as will terminate hostilities now, and prevent our obtaining an honorable, satisfactory, and permanent peace, and that party becomes, to all intents and purposes, the virtual supporters of Mexico, and the opponents of peace. Upon their shoulders will rest the awful responsibility of prolonging the very calamities of war, which they now profess themselves so anxious to bring to a close. Stand by your country in her war with a foreign nation. Vote the necessary supplies for carrying it on. Vote men and money to prosecute this war with all the vigor in our power. Let the war fall on Mexico with crushing force, if her Congress will not listen to the negotiation we have already offered. This is the only way to obtain an honorable peace.

THE OPPOSITION IN CONGRESS.

The whole leaders in Congress, and the Federal press throughout the country, have worked themselves into a great passion over that passage in the President's message which alludes to the manner in which the war with Mexico has been opened, and the "aid and comfort" which has been afforded to the enemy. The representative on the floor of Congress finds in it a most bold and desperate attempt to destroy the liberty of speech, and close up the avenues to a Congressional investigation of the conduct of the Executive branch of the government. The press, on the other hand, considers its long-boasted freedom in danger, and denounces the simple truth which the President has spoken as language "such as an eastern despot might be expected to hold to his most abject slaves."

It were quite as well for these political leaders to buckle up their wrath upon the subject; for they will find themselves soon sympathizing among the people the great masses of both political parties. The remark of the President, with which they find so much fault, is merely responsive to an opinion which the great public mind has long since formed, and will upon a fitting occasion unequivocally express.

It may be well at this time to revive in the public mind the ground which was assumed by these same party leaders, during the last session of Congress, in relation to our difficulties with Mexico. The country, they then said and voted, was in a state of war. They did not like the manner in which that war had been produced; but the present was no time to call that matter in question. They would vote the men and the supplies, and aid by every means in their power a vigorous prosecution of the contest, in order to secure an early and honorable peace. When that should be done, they would arrange the administration at the bar of public opinion, and hold it responsible to the country for the means by which the war had been produced, and the manner in which the country was involved in it. To this course the administration and its friends had no sort of objection; but these Whig patriots, after forming and announcing their resolve, were either unable or unwilling to keep them. During the entire interval between the sessions of Congress, their press has teemed with abuse of the President, and denunciations of the policy, the propriety, and even the justice of the war, upon the part of our government. Mr. Webster has breathed forth his threats of impeachment at Boston, and reiterated them, though in milder phrase at Philadelphia. The lesser orators of the party have opened their throats, and breathed forth equally valiant denunciations, until the whole country was distinctly advised that the very opening of Congress would be marked by a war on







# County Commissioners' Accounts.

## County of Oxford to Joseph Tobin, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

June 2d, 1846—To travel from Livermore to Mexico Corner and from North Winthrop back, on Petition of Isaac N. Stanley and others, for a joint view, 20 miles, 5 00  
 Attendance six days, 15 00  
 Four ferriages, 4 00  
 June 10th—To travel from Livermore to North Turner Bridge and back on Petition of R. Clay and others, eighteen miles, 1 80  
 Attendance eight days, 20 90  
 June 20th—To travel from Livermore to North Waterford and back on Petition of Amos Gage—25 miles, 8 50  
 Attendance three days, 7 50  
 July 11th—To travel from Livermore to Rumford to locate on Petition of R. Clay—fifty miles, 5 00  
 Attendance one day, 7 50  
 July 18th—To travel from Livermore to North Paris and back on Petition of Cyrus Bates et al—fifty miles, 5 00  
 Attendance three days, 7 50  
 Aug. 18th—To travel from Livermore to Norway on Petition of Selection of said town—sixty-five miles, 6 50  
 Attendance six days, 15 00  
 Aug. 25th—To travel from Livermore to John P. Perley and others on back on Petition of John P. Perley and others—one hundred and ten miles, 11 00  
 Attendance four days, 10 00  
 \$120 75

## County of Oxford to James Burbank, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

June 2d, 1846—To travel from Gilead to Mexico and from Winthrop home on the Petition of Isaac N. Stanley and others—one hundred and two miles, 10 20  
 Six days attendance on the same, 15 00  
 Cash paid for ferriage, 20 00  
 June 22d—To travel from Gilead to North Turner Bridge and from Livermore, and back, on Petition of R. Clay and others—one hundred and six miles, 10 60  
 Nine days attendance, 22 50  
 June 30th—To travel from Gilead to Paris and from Waterford back on Petition of Amos Gage and others—sixty-three miles, 6 30  
 Four days attendance, 7 50  
 July 10th—To travel from Gilead to Paris and back on Petition of Cyrus Bates and others—sixty-four miles, 6 40  
 Three days attendance, 7 50  
 Aug. 18th—To travel from Norway and back on Petition of Selection of Norway, 69 miles, 5 90  
 Six days attendance, 15 20  
 Aug. 25th—To travel from Gilead to North Bridge, and from Denmark back, on Petition of John P. Perley and others—eighty-nine miles, 8 90  
 Four days attendance, 10 00  
 Cash paid for ferriage, 20 00  
 \$126 84

## County of Oxford to Francis L. Rice, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

June 2d, 1846—To travel from Porter to Mexico Corner and from Winthrop to Porter, 170 miles, on Petition of J. N. Stanley and others, 17 00  
 Six days attendance on said Petition, 15 00  
 Paid for ferriage, 15 00  
 June 23d—To travel from Porter to North Turner Bridge and from Livermore to Porter, 142 miles, on Petition of R. Clay and others, 14 20  
 Nine days attendance on said Petition, 22 50  
 June 30th—To travel from Porter to Paris and from Waterford to Porter, eighty five miles, on Petition of Amos Gage and others, 8 50  
 Three days attendance on same, 7 50  
 July 10th—To travel from Porter to North Paris and returning, one hundred and ten miles, on Petition of Cyrus Bates and others, 11 00  
 Three days attendance on said Petition, 7 50  
 Aug. 18th—To travel from Porter to Norway and returning, ninety two miles, on Petition of Selection of Norway, 9 20  
 Six days attendance, 15 00  
 Aug. 25th—To travel from Porter to South Bridge, and from Denmark to Porter, 50 miles, on Petition of John P. Perley and others, 5 00  
 Four days attendance, 10 00  
 \$142 58

## County of Oxford to Joseph Tobin, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

Sept. 2th, 1846—To travel from Livermore to Wm. Woodman's in Peru and back, on Petition of Solomon T. Alden, forty miles, 4 00  
 Viewing and hearing parties two and a half days, 6 25  
 Sept. 15th—To travel from Livermore to Andover North Surplus and back, on Petition of Silvana Poor and others—100 miles, 10 00  
 Viewing and hearing parties three days, 7 50  
 Sept. 22d—To travel from Livermore to Wayne Village and back, on Petition of Isaac N. Stanley and others—thirty miles, 3 00  
 Hearing parties and making Report, six days, 15 00  
 Ferriage, 20 00  
 Sept. 28th—To travel from Livermore to Mexico Corner and back on Petition of Isaac N. Stanley—forty five miles, 4 50  
 Locating three days, 7 50—Ferriage, 25 00  
 Oct. 6th—To travel from Livermore to Letter A. No. 2, and back, on adjournment, on Petition of S. Poor—one hundred miles, 10 00  
 Locating on said petition six days, 15 00  
 Ferriage, 25 00  
 Oct. 13th—To travel from Livermore to Backfield Village and from Helron back, on Petition of James Hersey, 3d, and others—35 miles, 3 50  
 Viewing, hearing parties and locating seven days, 17 50  
 Oct. 22d—To travel from Helron to Denmark Corner and back, on Petition of James Walker and others—one hundred and ten miles, 11 00  
 Viewing, hearing parties and locating eleven days, 27 50  
 Nov. 2d—To travel from Livermore to Byron and back, on Petition of John Green—eighty miles, 8 00  
 Viewing, hearing parties and locating six days, 15 00  
 Ferriage, 25 00  
 Nov. 10th—To travel from Livermore to Daniel Curtis in Woodstock, and back, on Petition of Daniel Curtis and others, thirty five miles, 3 50  
 Attendance one day, 2 50  
 Nov. 12th—To travel from Daniel Curtis to Jacob M. Hackett's in Oxford, and back to Livermore—fifty five miles, 5 50  
 Viewing and hearing parties 2 days, 6 00  
 Nov. 17th—To travel from Livermore to Greene on Petition of Committee of the town of Leeds and back—forty miles, 4 00  
 Viewing and hearing parties three days, 7 50  
 Nov. 20th—To hearing on Petition of R. Clay and others from Brettons to Putnam's Ferry in Rumford, seven days, 17 50  
 Locating on Petition of I. N. Stanley and others, four days, 10 00  
 Ferriage, 1 00  
 Travel from Canton to Livermore, ten miles, 1 00  
 \$222 35

## County of Oxford to James Burbank, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

Sept. 8, 1846—To travel from Gilead to Peru and back on Petition of Sol. T. Alden, eighty two miles, 8 20  
 Three days viewing and hearing parties, etc., on said petition, 7 50  
 Sept. 15th—To travel from Gilead to Andover and from Andover North Surplus back, on Petition of Silvana Poor and others, seventy two miles, 7 20  
 Nine days viewing, hearing parties and locating, 22 50  
 Sept. 22d—To travel from Gilead to Wayne and from Dixfield back, on Petition of Isaac N. Stanley and others, one hundred and two miles, 10 20  
 Twelve days viewing, hearing parties, etc., 20 00  
 Oct. 18th—To travel from Gilead to Backfield and from Helron home on Petition of James Hersey, 3d, and others, ninety one miles, 9 10  
 Seven days viewing, hearing parties and locating, 17 50  
 Ferriage, 20 00  
 Oct. 22d—To travel from Gilead to Denmark, and back, on Petition of James Walker and others, 91 miles, 9 10  
 Eleven days viewing, hearing parties and locating, 27 50  
 Ferriage, 25 00  
 Nov. 3d—To travel from Gilead to Byron and back, on Petition of James Green and others, 50 miles, 5 00  
 Four days viewing, hearing parties and locating, 10 00  
 Nov. 10th—To travel from Gilead to Woodstock, on Petition of Daniel Curtis and others, 27 miles, 2 70  
 \$270 00

One day attendance on same, 2 50  
 Nov. 12th—To travel from Woodstock to Oxford and back to Gilead, on Petition of Jacob M. Hackett and others, sixty six miles, 6 60  
 Two days viewing and hearing parties on said petition, 6 00  
 Nov. 17th—To travel from Gilead to Leeds and back on Petition of Committee of Leeds, 110 miles, 11 00  
 Three days viewing and hearing parties on said petition, 7 50  
 Nov. 22d—Seven days locating on Petition of R. Clay and others, 17 50  
 Ferriage 20, \$222 55

## County of Oxford to Francis L. Rice, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

Sept. 8, 1846. To travel from Porter to Peru and back, one hundred and forty miles, on Petition of Solomon T. Alden and others, 14 00  
 Three days attendance on same, 7 50  
 Sept. 15th. To travel from Porter to Andover Corner and from Andover North Surplus to Porter, one hundred and sixty seven miles, on Petition of Silvana Poor and others, 16 70  
 Nine days attendance, 22 50  
 Sept. 22d. To travel from Porter to Wayne and from Dixfield to Porter, one hundred and fifty miles, on Petition of Isaac N. Stanley and others, 15 00  
 Thirteen days attendance, 22 50  
 Oct. 13th. To travel from Porter to Backfield, and from Helron to Porter, one hundred and twenty two miles, on Petition of James Hersey 3d, and others, 12 20  
 Seven days attendance on same, 17 50  
 Oct. 22d. To travel from Porter to Denmark on Petition of James Walker and others, sixteen miles, 1 60  
 Eleven days attendance on same, 27 50  
 Nov. 3d. To travel from Porter to Byron, on Petition of Amos Gage and others, 20 miles, 2 00  
 Five days attendance on same, 20 00  
 Nov. 10th. To travel from Byron to Woodstock, on Petition of Daniel Curtis and others, 27 miles, 2 70  
 Two days attendance, 5 00  
 Nov. 17th. To travel from Porter to Leeds, and returning, one hundred and fifty miles, on Petition of Committee of Leeds, 15 00  
 Three days attendance on same, 7 50  
 Nov. 22d. To three days locating on Petition of R. Clay and others, 7 50  
 Ferriage, 12 00  
 \$316 92

## Oxford County Commissioners' Court.

MAY TERM, 1846.

Joseph Tobin, travel 50 miles, \$5 00  
 Attendance 4 days, 10 00  
 James Burbank, travel 70 miles, 10 00  
 Attendance 4 days, 10 00  
 Ferriage, 25 00  
 Francis L. Rice, travel 110 miles, \$11 00  
 Attendance 4 days, 10 00  
 \$21 00

## SEPTEMBER TERM, 1846.

Joseph Tobin, travel 50 miles, \$5 00  
 Attendance 3 days, 7 50  
 James Burbank, travel 70 miles, 10 00  
 Attendance 3 days, 7 50  
 Ferriage, 25 00  
 Francis L. Rice, travel 100 miles, \$10 00  
 Attendance 3 days, 7 50  
 \$17 50

## DECEMBER TERM, 1846.

Joseph Tobin, travel 50 miles, \$5 00  
 Attendance 4 days, 10 00  
 James Burbank, travel 70 miles, 10 00  
 Attendance 4 days, 10 00  
 Francis L. Rice, travel 100 miles, \$10 00  
 Attendance 4 days, 10 00  
 \$20 00

## CLERK'S OFFICE, OXFORD COUNTY.

DECEMBER, 23, 1846.

The foregoing accounts were severally made and sworn to by the respective Commissioners of said County, and were severally examined, audited, and amount certified by the Clerk and County Attorney agreeably to law, and are truly copied by CHARLES ANDREWS, CLERK.

## FURNITURE WARE-HOUSE.

THE subscriber, having taken the Stand formerly occupied by J. DEXTER, would invite the attention of his friends, and the public, to his well selected Stock of Household Furniture, consisting in part of BUREAUS, of the latest styles.

SECRETAIRES, SOFAS, BEDSTEADS, GRECIAN, CENTRE, TOILET AND DINING TABLES.

WASH-STANDS and WASH-SINKS.

CANE and WOOD SEATED CHAIRS.

PICTURE FRAMES, and Looking Glasses.

FEATHERS

Formed at short notice. All of which are offered at reduced prices.

South Paris, October 23, 1846. Bm25

## EDWARD REILLY, TAILOR.

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he may be constantly found at the Shop formerly occupied by Lewis W. Dennen, at South Paris.

South Paris, June, 1846. 18

## Phonographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the Gold and Silver Medals, the Four First Premiums, and Two Highest Honors at the National, the Massachusetts, the New York, and the Pennsylvania Exhibitions, respectively, for the most splendid Colored Daguerotypes and Best Apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to weather. Instructions given in the art.

A large assortment of Apparatus and Stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 151 Broadway; Philadelphia, 124 Chestnut St.; Boston, 75 Court; 58 Hanover St.; Baltimore, 203 Baltimore St.; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue; Petersburg, Va., Mechanics Hall; Cincinnati, Fourth and Walnut, and 170 Main St.; Saratoga Springs, Broadway; Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 32 Church St. July 7, 1846. 19

## Caution.

NOTICE is hereby given to forbid all persons harbor, employ or treating Elizabeth Moore and Achas Moore, on my account, they having left my house and hired without my consent, as I have made suitable provision for their maintenance, and shall pay no debts of their contracting after this date.

Dixfield, Dec. 10th, 1846. SAMUEL WEBBER. 33

## WORMS EASILY REMOVED.

### WINER'S Canadian Vermifuge!

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE every year from the disease produced by Worms! They are the cause of numerous other fatal diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Cough, Spitting, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Rickets, Puffing of the Heart, Eruptions, Dry Cough, Severe Paleness, Emaciation, total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They consume all nourishment in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winer's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affliction. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slim which forms the nest of worms, and greatly improves and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and no family should be without it.

P. S. Parents may be assured that this medicine is perfectly harmless in all its effects. It is carefully compounded, of the very best materials, and there is not the least danger in using it. Price only 25 cents per bottle.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For Sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, New York; Grover & Putnam, Boston; John Baker, Turner; Charles T. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.—June 20, 1846. 198

## DR. UPHAM'S Vegetable Internal Remedy FOR THE FILES!

A Cure for Life Secured.

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Stomach, Bowels, and Urinary Organs; Hemorrhoids; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTUARY, invented by Dr. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York City, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Pile, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: It is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Pile, either local or general, internal or external; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—speedy and permanent. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner. Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1/2 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. Its external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in its effects. This Medicine attacks the disease at its source, and removing the cause, renders the cure certain and permanent.

## INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the Electuary was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In inflammation, Swelling and Ulceration of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Swelling and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best Medicine ever discovered.

## IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the impure use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the Skin and Scrophulous Affections; in all cases where the blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's Electuary is really unrivalled.

## TO MARRIED LADIES.

Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all inflammatory diseases, without pain or irritation, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

## CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTEED.

The Electuary contains no Mineral Medicines; no Aloes, Colocynthis, Gamboge, or other powerful irritating Purgatives. It is a safe and certain cure, and will ensure a cure in all cases of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary, and no attending to the directions. A CURE FOR LIFE IS GUARANTEED.

\* Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this Medicine, may be had of Agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For Sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, New York; Grover & Putnam, Boston; John Baker, Turner; Charles T. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.—June 20, 1846. 198

## BUCHAN'S Hungarian Balsam OF LIFE.

It is a safe and certain cure, and will ensure a cure in all cases of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary, and no attending to the directions. A CURE FOR LIFE IS GUARANTEED.

\* Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this Medicine, may be had of Agents, gratis.

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## JOYFUL INTELLIGENCE!

Another Life saved after the DOCTORS could do no more!

Bath, Me., Feb. 24, 1845.

Dr. Bradley—Sir—I take pleasure in giving you a statement of the benefit effected by your Hungarian Balsam on my daughter, who had been for many months afflicted with a bad cough, pain in the side, raising blood, and all those signs and tokens which attend that insidious disease, CONSUMPTION. I employed several distinguished physicians at great expense, who, after numerous visits, and many experiments, finally declared that

They could do no more!

I was then advised by a friend to try your Hungarian Balsam. I did so, and the result has been most astonishing. My daughter is entirely cured, and is now attending to her usual duties. I paid Two Hundred Dollars for Physicians and Medicine, without any sort of benefit, while Six Dollars worth of your Hungarian Balsam has removed the disease, restored the strength, and brought on a healthy action. I am greatly obliged to you.

JOHN YOUNG.

## ASTONISHING CURES OF CONSUMPTION!

Two cures pronounced beyond the reach of Medical aid.

Augusta, Me., May 27, 1845.

Dr. Bradley—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam has been a great blessing to me. I have been cured of an affection of the Lungs, which was thought to be incurable. I am now restored to health, and am able to pursue my usual course of study. I am greatly indebted to you for the recovery of my health, and for the restoration of my strength.

FRANCIS J. WELLES.

Dr. Bradley—Sir—Mr. Clark, of Palermo, N. Y., has been cured of a long and severe consumption, and is now able to pursue his usual course of study. I am greatly indebted to you for the recovery of my health, and for the restoration of my strength.

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